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The average circulation of The Daily Republican for the three months ending December 31 was 12,976, and of The Sunday Republican 6,316, an increase in the Daily of 583, and in the Sunday of 1038 over the same period of 1880.

The Republican.

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SPRINGFIELD, MONDAY, JANUARY 30:

Chester A. Arthur is a politician of parts. Some people wonder that he does not give all the offices to the stalwarts. Possibly the president has a high opinion of the converting power of post-offices and the like.

The brilliant Mr. Blaine has waked up the British lion, that's a fact. The noble beast has been seen and roars right lustily. The menagerie has been peaceful for so long that the lion is quite weary of delicate nerves. But what a president James G. Blaine would make, eh, gentlemen? A "foreign policy," you know, would do so much toward creating a national feeling, and all that!

It is rather amusing to witness the silence of those newspapers which have hitherto been the special champions of James G. Blaine, professional candidate for the presidency, since the publication of the ex-secretary of state's South American correspondence. The situation is not unlike that in which a certain farmer found himself. He wished to break a promising steer, and having no animal to put in with the beast, bent his own head under the yoke. The pair went all right until some malicious boy scared the steer, who elevated his tail and went tearing off, dragging the unfortunate human animal at a thundering pace toward the town. "Somebody 'head us off! Some-body 'head us off," cried the granger, the words being jerked all to pieces as he flew, "here come two damned fools yoked 'up together!'"

All the talk about the situation of parties on the tariff issue in this Congress is liable to be based on misapprehension until the two branches have had debate and division on two or three significant questions. The House is quite likely to take up some of the bills amending the tariff this week. The country will watch the developments with interest. The defection of Sherman from the support of the Morrill commission bill, is not vigorous enough for the occasion, is likely to have an important effect on the destiny of that measure. By the way, what- ever else may be said of John Sherman, his complete readiness to deal with questions of this kind in an independent way mark him with Edmunds as one of the most useful men in the Senate.

The Boston Herald sympathizes with Gambetta in his defeat and cannot understand why the present Assembly rejects the scrutiny de liste when the last adopted it. It agrees with Gambetta "that the coherency of party is 'altogether too weak in France.'" Has not our independent contemporary heard enough of this sort of talk at home to be a little suspicious of it in France? If this scheme were carried, argues the Herald, "Gambetta would have the 'compact majority' he desires," which would be "very greatly in his favor." Exactly, and it strikes us that the Herald, instead of denouncing the Assembly as "fickle" (the present Assembly never voted on the question before), should consider whether it is wise to build up compact majorities in republics devoted to the personal fortunes of great political leaders. For, please to observe, there is no question now of a republican majority at all times in the French Senate and Assembly. What the late premier of France wanted was a Gambettist majority. The Senate wisely declined to endorse his project to that end.

Wendell Phillips thinks all federal officials ought to be chosen by popular vote of the localities which they serve. The scheme is attractive, but is not practicable and not worth trying until other and less revolutionary expedients have been tried for the reformation of the distribution of patronage. This would destroy the partisanship of the service, because democratic communities would elect democratic officials and republican districts republican officials, but it would have the evil effect to give one section a great preponderance of officials in its postmaster's office, nominate by vote three persons, not all of one party, of whom the president or postmaster-general, as the case may be, should appoint one for postmaster. This would give the local constituency a voice, without destroying the responsibility of the subordinate to the power which appoints him. We should like to see valid practical objections raised to this plan for the appointment of postmasters.

The estimated cost of Capt. Eads's ship rail-road across the isthmus is \$75,000,000, and the company asks the United States government to guarantee 6 per cent dividends on \$50,000,000 of the amount for 15 years. In return the company will agree to transport all ships, troops, property and mails of this government free for 10 years, to carry no vessels or articles contraband of war for any nation at war with this, to pay over all net receipts in excess of the 6 per cent to the

government on account of advances it may have made, and to give the United States the right to regulate tolls, and in doing that to discriminate in favor of American and Mexican commerce. The Mexican government will exempt all property of the road from taxation for 99 years, allow free importation during that time of all material and supplies, grant a right of way half a mile wide, give 1,000,000 acres of land outright, and protect the works at all times with army and navy. The proposed route is so much further north that the distance by it from New York to San Francisco is 1500 miles shorter than by way of Panama.

The question which The Republican proposed Saturday morning as to President Arthur's share in the Chili-Peruvian business is now the subject of a lively controversy between the president and Mr. Blaine. The latter claims that the president knew of his interest in and favor to a scheme suggested to him two years ago by the Nicaraguan minister for a confederation of the South American republics under our protection and sanctioned his consequent opposition to the dismemberment of Peru. He claims that Arthur changed his ground after changing secretaries of state. The president, on the other hand, is said to be greatly astonished by the language of Mr. Blaine's instructions to Trescott and to consider that Blaine misrepresented to him the tenor of those instructions. From this it would appear that Mr. Arthur never saw the document in question. If this is so, it cannot fail to be regarded as a great oversight in the performance of his official duty by the president of the United States. It will be impossible to make this affair creditable, either to Mr. Blaine or to President Arthur, except that the latter had sense enough to see the folly of the Blaine policy. The precise time when he awoke to this is likely to be known, now that Mr. Blaine has had his say.

Counterfeit Statesmanship.

Mr. Blaine's statesmanship is of the Beaconsfield pattern. Beaconsfield diverted the attention of England from the troublesome questions of internal reform which Gladstone had been urging. Electoral reform, church reform, land reform, Irish reform, all went into the background. England was to be the regulator of Europe, to check the arrogance of Russia, and preserve and regenerate Turkey. She was to develop a splendid oriental empire, and Victoria was made an eastern empress. We know what came of it all. Turkey was not regenerated, the Christian nationalities were protected only after Russia by a bloody war had enforced their claims, wanton war was kindled in Afghanistan and south Africa. England helped nobody and gained nothing. The Beaconsfield ministry fell, and Gladstone's ministry had to patch up its blunders and make good its deficits. Then on the liberal ministry fell the work of dealing with the tremendous home problems, notably that of Ireland, which Beaconsfield had absolutely neglected to play a sham Don Quixote abroad.

Mr. Blaine's projects seem to have included little less than a political millennium for the western continent. The Chilian lion and Pervian lamb were to lie down together. A confederation of American republics loomed large on the near horizon. Europeans were to have nothing to do with the oceanic canal—except furnishing money to build it. There were obstacles in the way—a total indisposition of the South American states to accept our services as big brother, the want of any army or navy and an inconvenient treaty or two. But to minds of the Napoleonic order there is nothing impossible. Navies can be built and armies raised; big brothers have a traditional way of dealing with reluctant small brothers; and as a promising beginning to get rid of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, England was smartly snubbed, when she was feeling more kindly toward us than ever before.

But Garfield is dead, and his brilliant premier has given place to the prosaic Jerseyman Frelinghuysen. The play is stopped at the beginning of the first act. And apparently the great American people has got to tend to the chores in its own back-yard—pretty hefty chores, too. There is the tariff coming up for revision, with our whole system of foreign and domestic trade and manufacture affected by it. There is a radical reform of our whole civil service, proposed at once from the two opposite camps by Rendleton and by Dawes. And, not to mention other trifles, the Mormon business is as big a job as the country has tackled for a good while. It is proposed—and the proposition comes in definite shape from so sober a man as Mr. Edmunds—to attempt root and branch work with a social institution noted in the fanatical devotion of a numerous, highly organized and stubborn community. If we are going to cut out this huge cancer, it needs strong hand and cool head, an army in Utah and steady statesmanship at Washington. We must not repeat the 1837 experience, when the Mormons lashed at Joe Johnston in the field and Buchanan in the White House. On the whole, it is perhaps as well that crusading to Patagonia and Labrador should wait till the home lot is fixed up.

In his novels Beaconsfield showed with perfect frankness the motive of his statesmanship. Foreign and domestic policy, free trade, conquest, reform, all are pictured as merely counter in the game of personal ambition. The end is always the same,—that the hero shall become famous and powerful, and the sails are trimmed to whatever wind may blow. In order to make that port. Mr. Blaine has not written any novels to reveal his interior motives,—his countrymen can only exercise the Yankee faculty of guessing.

Such parallels must not be pushed too far. One or two differences in this case are obvious. Beaconsfield was chosen by the English nation as its ruler; he went before the people, announced his program, made his canvass, and carried the parliamentary elections. The people accepted him and made themselves responsible for him. But Mr. Blaine has not been chosen by the people to be anything or do anything; they chose a very different man; and it was while this man lay at death's door, and in the first months of his successor's rule, that a mere secretary in the cabinet introduced a revolution in the whole aim and spirit of our policy toward foreign nations. There is another difference: Through a long life of political warfare Beaconsfield's bitterest foes and the whole English people knew that his hands were clean from bribes,—Mr. Blaine has been implicated in one dubious transaction after another, until the

best conscience and intelligence of the country deeply distrust him. His South American policy, with its lofty professions and pretensions, is tainted with growing suspicion of a disreputable commercial job. Beaconsfield, personally incorrupt, is yet judged as the exponent of sham statesmanship, selfish in its motive, false in its principles, ruinous in its tendencies. What verdict have the American people for the statesmanship of James G. Blaine? If the Beaconsfield method is itself but a counterfeit, what is the right name for a bad imitation of a counterfeit?

The Fall of Gambetta.

Gambetta has fallen suddenly and without convulsing France. It is but a few months since he took the premiership, and the world looked to see him, not merely advise President Grévy, but dictate government through him. He essayed to make the first avowed attempt in modern republican government to constitute through the premiership a power behind the president greater than the president himself. He was expected to make the premiership the ruling office of France and the presidency an ornamental vacancy. Thereafter it was supposed to be Gambetta and not Grévy who thought the thoughts of France and who spoke as France. This theory was something new in republican government, and it was dangerous. Republics have no use for presidents, unless they are to be the chosen chiefs of executive power. If Gambetta and Blaine are to run administrations, then presidents become as useless as kings and queens and more monstrous impositions upon the people.

M. Gambetta, like Mr. Blaine, has tried his power and like him has failed. There was a time when Gambetta was wise and statesman-like in the advocacy of schemes of public education and of improved domestic administration. In carrying these through, he experienced the conservatism of the Senate, and he has of late years bent his energies to building up the republican party of France and concentrating its powers in his own hands. He resembles Conkling in his greed of spoil, and his pet project for concentrating power in his own hands was the scrutiny de liste, corresponding to what would be in this country the election of members of Congress by states on a general ticket, instead of by single districts. It is obvious that it is a good deal easier for the political machine to manage one state convention than to manage the 11 congressional conventions, say of Massachusetts. In this way Gambetta hoped to acquire greater power over the nominations to the Assembly all over France. Moreover, if the members from each department were chosen on a general ticket, the views of a minority in the department which in a district by itself would have chosen a representative of different stripe from the representatives of the rest of the department, would be extinguished entirely and denied all representation in the national Assembly. The scrutiny de liste in other words is a project to magnify the tyranny of the majority, to reduce the representation of the minority, and to conduce to the personal influence of the bosses in the majority itself. No better evidence of the growth of conservatism and of the capacity of the French people for self-government has been evinced for a long time than the refusal of the Assembly to follow Gambetta's leadership in demanding the revision of the national constitution and the adoption of the election of the members of the Assembly on general ticket.

One of the interesting problems of the present situation is the attitude of President Grévy, the impermeable head of the French republic. Has he really lacked the grasp to master the situation, or has he coldly bided his time and waited for this galling assumption that Gambetta was the real master of France, to fall when he fell? If he were a figure-head, he would be a magnificent one, but, with his Websterian head, it is difficult to think him merely that, or inferior to the coarse-grained son of Genoa.

"Lord! Lord!"

The orthodoxy of Peacem, Vt., has had a falling out with Oliver Johnson. Mr. Johnson is a Unitarian and has been these 40 years; nobody has mistaken him for anything else; and during all that time on his occasional visits or summer sojourns in his native town he has been accustomed to address his fellow-citizens in the Congregational church. The society put up a new meeting-house about 10 years ago and he helped to dedicate it; his discourse, distinctly embodying his liberal belief, was bound together with the minister's, and so preserved. But this last summer he was suddenly discovered to be a dreadful and mischievous heretic, "casting contempt upon the word of God and the blood of his Son." What had he done? He had delivered by invitation, as so many times before, a sermon in the village church; it was more polemical than he had essayed before, but it was most elaborately based upon scriptural authority, and was in fact half made up of citations of the Bible. The major part of this sermon, containing all that is objected to, was published in The Sunday Republican a few weeks ago, and our readers will bear testimony that it was inspired with the Christian temper and essence, not the less so because it discarded certain dogmas of orthodox Congregationalism. But largely, as we suppose, through the influence of a bigoted minister, the society went mad over it and passed resolutions of the most theologically contemptuous sort, containing the expression we have quoted above, among a good many others. Since then the society have fallen into a deplorable condition; they have got rid of their minister, by council; confirmed their resolutions upon Mr. Johnson's sermon, also by council; and there is no guessing into what depths of quarrel and schism they may plunge. Mr. Johnson issues an open letter to them, marked by the plainest of speech and telling them truly that they should retrace their steps and redress the wrongs they have done—which as he recounts they have been many heads their affront to himself,—and unite upon a clean and honest young man, who shall "not attempt to satisfy the hunger of your souls with dry crusts of old theological systems, but bring you fresh 'manna from heaven and living water from the 'ever open fountain of truth.'" This is good advice; it is a pity Mr. Johnson should weaken it by telling people of Peacem in conclusion that he did mean to endow by his will a first-rate school in their midst, but that now he will do nothing of the sort. That is a school-boy's rort. Peacem, or its Congregational church, which we presume is about the same thing, has done itself grievous wrong by its illiberal

behavior, and the quality of the action is not dependent upon the consequent determination of Mr. Johnson's property, or the character of the man himself,—one of the truest and finest of men, a member of the old guard of abolitionism and philanthropic progress, and who insures Peacem remembrance by the fact that it is his birth-place.

The general questions underlying this particular matter are of no local significance. They go directly to the root of things. How it should be possible that a long life of honorable work devoted to the help of humanity, elevating in its example and its utterance, deserving and receiving esteem, should count for nothing beside the very moderate expression of a dissenting opinion in theology, this is, and always must be, a mystery. It shows that idolatry is the potent passion of man. The life is the man; the conduct of life is the problem; the valuable service is that given to solve that problem, to help men live. Jesus set the example for this; but so did the great Jewish prophets, so in their several ways have all the brave and beneficent souls who have arisen to protest against decadence of spiritual faith and pure living. Jesus found the Jews hide-bound in cramping worship of gray traditions, forgetting God in a monster of their own device. Read his Sermon on the Mount, that noble and complete chart for the guidance of life. What does he do with the accumulated teachings that were to those who heard him the sum of wisdom? He says in substance: All these laws were compromising, partial, insufficient; I teach you a more excellent way. You have been worshipping blind routine, I lead you into intelligent, purposeful work. "Not every one that saith 'Lord! Lord!' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the 'will of my Father which is in heaven.'" The Congregationalists of Peacem are like people in churches all over the land, and other lands. The crying of "Lord! Lord!" is of more importance to them than doing the will of the Father.

THE AGITATION FOR NATIONAL AID TO SOUTHERN SCHOOLS has brought a number of bills touching the matter into Congress, the most noticeable of which is the one introduced by Senator Logan. This provides that all internal revenue taxes on the manufacture and sale of distilled liquors, amounting to something over \$60,000,000 a year, shall be set apart as an educational fund and distributed among the states according to population. As first proposed the distribution was based on illiteracy, which would, of course, give a much greater proportion of the money to the South. As it now stands the bill gives an equal proportion of the tax on consumers of spirits to each child in the country, and only aids the South more than the North, as from the smaller educational taxes levied, a dollar counts for more than here. Senator Vance of North Carolina has a bill which, reciting the states-rights doctrine that the government cannot collect a tax from the people of all the states to be returned to the several states, abolishes the taxes on spirits altogether, leaving the states to impose similar charges and apply the proceeds to school purposes if they choose. It is charged that this is not offered in good faith, but that its real object is to kill Logan's measure. Another bill has been introduced by Senator Blair of New Hampshire which makes a direct appropriation of \$15,000,000 the first year, \$14,000,000 the next, and so diminishing for 10 years, when the work is to stop altogether. This appropriation is to be distributed among the states according to their illiteracy, and is specially designed to help the South bridge the time until its educational system can be thoroughly organized and given adequate home support.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

It is mean of you London papers to talk so about us Americans when we are smiling so sweetly on Mr. Wilde, the representative of British intelligence and honesty.

Postmaster-General Howe will not put his own face on the warrants used in his department, but has ordered a vignette of Benjamin Franklin. If this modesty should become a habit, it would be beautiful.

The president would like to make William H. Armstrong of Philadelphia commissioner of Pacific railroads.

Isn't there an old song about a Maine man being "hell bent"?

Tilden and Hendricks stand more united to-day than they did in 1876. They have had enough of running on a presidential ticket. "Young man," observed Mr. Hendricks, "I have done with politics forever. I am now devoted to my profession, and shall never more, under any circumstances, be a candidate for office." But then times do change, and men with them.

Washington is seeing a great many elaborate dinner parties this winter. David Davis started his series Saturday evening, and President Arthur, Mr. Blaine and Secretary Frelinghuysen were among the guests. The city is very full of strangers, by the way.

Senate lawyers compliment Senator Edmunds's anti-polygamy bill. They say it will "hold water" and can be used to exterminate this great evil. In this connection, by the way, the story is revived that the Mormons have had spies dogging congressmen, and are ready to show up any social looseness which prevails. Some definite and unpleasant statements are made.

The old, old story which is ever new. The St. Louis mutual life insurance company went into the hands of receivers in 1877 with liabilities amounting to \$1,100,000. The receivers have collected \$81,827 and have charges for their own services, attorney's fees and expenses, amounting to \$80,321.

It is reported to be the unanimous opinion of Chicago judges and lawyers that the recent decision of the Illinois supreme court, declaring the probate courts in Cook (Chicago) and La Salle counties illegally created, is wrong and should be reversed. The courts were created in 1877.

There is talk of creating additional counties in New Jersey at the present session of the Legislature, and the matter appears of general importance because each county is entitled to one state senator and the parties are so evenly divided that changes may determine the complexion of the next Legislature and consequently the politics of United States Senator McTier, son's successor.

The St. Louis (Mo.) Post-Dispatch, Joseph Pulitzer's consolidated evening paper, has won a remarkable success under his management.

Starting in 1878 with a circulation of 3160 it has now over 30,000. Mr. Pulitzer is one of the cleverest editors and shrewdest newspaper managers in the West.

Congressman Moore of Tennessee is not afraid to put his theory of the civil service on record. He has offered a bill indorsing the principle that the service should be the spoil of the party and requiring "fidelity to the party in power" as one of the qualifications for re-appointment.

Bishop Fabre of Montreal, having condemned the course of Le Monde newspaper, the Catholic organ, and threatened to take severe measures against that journal, its editor, Mr. Houde, M. P., replies that he acted on his conscience as a journalist, and turns over the newspaper to other hands. Mr. Houde says he would appeal to Rome if he thought it would be of any use. For a man who attempts to run a newspaper to please the church of Rome, Mr. Houde has done a very wise thing.

The Financial Chronicle gives notice to the trunk line, on behalf of the mercantile community of New York, that "our people will never again quietly submit to what are called differential rates,"—that is, rates in favor of Baltimore and Philadelphia, because of their less distance from the West. Whatever the "commissioners" and "presidents" may do, the Chronicle observes ominously that if any such pooling arrangement is made, "it needs be a power higher than they will sooner or later break it."

The green room in the state-house at Boston will be crowded to-morrow morning when Col. Higginson will lead those advocates who favor woman suffrage.

Collector Robertson of New York says he won't run for governor under any consideration,—which would seem to spoil much ingenious political gossip.

Gen. Curtis, the special agent of the treasury at New York, who was complained of to the secretary of the treasury for collecting political assessments from government officers, makes a lame technical defense. He denies that he asked for any assessments, but confesses that he received them. Let the ax fall.

The Chicago Tribune is suspected of making love to John Logan.

They do seem to need newspapers down in Maryland, when the Legislature adjourned from Thursday to Monday in order to attend the Garfield memorial services at Washington, though the Blaine eulogy does not come till February 27.

The reason which a prominent colored member of the Mississippi Legislature gave: "I have voted for the eminent statesman, L. Q. C. Lamar, being assured that he is the choice of a very large majority of the intelligent and substantial citizens of my county and of the state."

The "plain people" do not take to "Jin-nisms," and so much eagle screaming makes their ears ache.

Faxon thinks there is a fighting chance for getting a prohibitory law through the Legislature.

Postmaster-General Howe has turned Mr. Gibson, special agent or attorney for the government in the star-route business, out of his room in the post-office department. It has been claimed that Gibson was discharged from government employ because he had "leaked," but Attorney-General Brewster denies this.

Conkling, Gambetta and Blaine may come or go; but the old world was on about as usual.

The Catholic priests of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) diocese, some 60 in all, have declared war against the Knights of Honor—an oath-bound labor league, and have decided to refuse absolution to any member of the order. One lodge has therefore surrendered its charter, and others will probably do so. This course has been decided upon, apparently, from the conviction growing out of a recent strike in Pittsburgh that the organization is an organized conspiracy against workmen who are not members of the order.

Mr. Halstead feels much better; in fact, he is almost ready to be at peace with all the world since those troublesome Cincinnati appointments have been made. "The president," he says, "has solved the difficult and embarrassing situation here in his own time and way, so as to gain the admiration of those who make politics a study and occupation, and at the same time command the respect of civil-service reformers and of the advocates of the application of business principles to public affairs."

Judge Cox, of the criminal court at Washington, seems to be a well-meaning man, but he has permitted a trifling and irretrievable waste of time. There never was a moment's doubt as to what the verdict in the Guileau case should be and must be.—Evidence of Retarding Sanity in the Cincinnati Commercial.

The next president will be elected on a civil-service reform platform. The people have made up their minds to that, no matter what the politicians think of it. Mr. Pendleton sees further into this mill-stone than most of the presidential aspirants. So far as heard from, none of the republican would-be candidates have been as wise as Mr. Pendleton.—[Chicago Alliance.]

The Courier-Journal has no sympathy for the contemptible individual who is trying to belittle the memory of President Garfield through the New York Herald; but it is rather amusing to hear Whitehall recite a list of names denouncing the name of Garfield as an assassin and traitor because he stole a copy of a dispatch written by Mr. Reid, while this enterprising journalist not so many years ago considered it a master-stroke to steal or have stolen certain cipher dispatches concerning the election of 1876.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

We have it! The word has gone forth in Massachusetts that this is to be "a Butler year," and the silk stocking of Beacon hill has invited Mahone and Riddleberger up to Boston as a sort of vaccination against the November epidemic. But will it work?—[Utica (N. Y.) Observer.]

A HARVARD GRADUATE

On Trial for a Double Murder.

Several witnesses will leave Boston to-day for Denver, Col., to testify for the defense in the trial of Charles W. Stickney for the murder in April last of Montgomery F. Canaan and Mrs. Leverenz. Stickney spent five or six years in Boston obtaining an education, and graduated at Harvard with high honors. James I. Allen, principal of the West Newton English and classical school, Rev. J. V. Blake of Boston, one or two of Stickney's college chums and a brother from Providence will testify as to the mental condition of the prisoner.

PLATFAIR ON AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

Dr. Lyon Playfair publishes in Macmillan's magazine an article on American industries. He credits the protective system with the rapid growth of certain industries, such as the cotton, woolen and iron, and concedes that American manufactures, although alleged to be dear, are honest and good. American mechanics are, he says, more honest and efficient than foreign, and he concludes that nobody expects the speedy establishment of free trade, nor a rapid transition desirable. He declares that the United States is about to become the great manufacturing country of the world.

THE ARTISTS AT WASHINGTON.

A RECEPTION AT MRS. BURNETT'S.

At Which Oscar Wilde Appeared in Character—How the Apostle of the Beautiful Conducted Himself.—Correspondence of The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 21, 1882.

The literary club met to-night at Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's. The parlors are not quite large enough for general receptions. The walls are covered with etchings, oil paintings and sketches, many of the latter pinned up to catch the light in a graceful Bohemian way, which reminds one of the dear old parlor in "Dolly," the prettiest novel which Mrs. Burnett has ever written. The rooms were full of interesting people—literary, legal, artistic, with here and there a politician. It is not worth while to describe dresses, for in no way do they illustrate the costume of to-day. They are borrowed from anything that strikes the fancy, in the 18th centuries since the Christian era, or from the 10 centuries before it. The guests were only a few, and the principal guests, somebody would be sure to wear them to the next ball. I saw one lovely old lady with snow-white hair, capped by a charming opera hat in sky-blue, which I should have selected for sweet 16. This was the mother-in-law of Eaton, the artist, who has made himself famous in Normandy. We had, too, the original "Arbutnot" of the new story, but the "professor" was not there to keep order. Prof. Galland acted as presiding officer, and the meeting opened with the reading of the minutes by the author of "Tales of Siberia" and a report from a committee appointed to nominate honorary members. The latter was read by the president and the first two names reported, were naturally enough, those of Lucetta Rudolph Garfield and Madeline Vinton Ishagren. Mrs. Garfield accepting her own nomination in one of these delicate sympathies by which she bids fair to be long remembered. By the way, the portrait of Garfield, wreathed with smiles, a woman's offering of hot-house flowers lay before it. Mrs. Fawcett had several pictures in the room, among them a little sketch, made as a compliment to Mrs. Burnett, of the first scene in the "Fair Barbarian." It represents Miss Belin da Bassett snugly ensconced at her own fire-side in all the glory of a "helmet" cap. Mary Anne holds the door in her hand and announces, "Your piece from 'Merikur'." Anything sadder, warmer, more engaging than the newly arrived Oscar Wilde, as never felt off by any few words, was never so open to a paper from the artist's pen. The artist's pen, "Revival in Art," and this was followed by another from Charles Nordhoff on "Evolution as a Substitute for a Personal God." Both had been written at short notice and both were clever. When they were finished, the formal meeting broke up, and people scattered to look at Burnett's golden-haired, velvet-clad boy ran like a needle through the crowd. Mrs. Hooker's voice could be heard, vibrant to woman's softness. Very soon, however, tea, coffee and cake appeared, and a little after 11 everybody went home.

Before the evening opened, I heard somebody say, "Oscar Wilde is to be here." "But he has not come yet?" "Oh yes, he is in 'the den,' he does not wish to be bored and will not come down until the second paper is read." Now "the den" is Mrs. Burnett's pretty little private room, where she writes her novels, and cracks nuts for her best friends, and a sort of slumber went over me, when I thought of it as occupied by this dreary parody. I had laid down the "Poems" in disgust. I had refused to read the man's lecture, but after all I was to see him face to face, I need not be introduced—that is one comfort, I thought, and sat waiting in amused expectation. Mr. Messer made some pretty sharp hits at sun-flowers and "faint lilies," and I thought that if the poet should be listening anywhere, their breezy common sense would be as good as a fan. But he was not. Just after Mr. Nordhoff began his essay, there was a little movement near the door, and a low series of hissing whispers manifested the presence of the "aesthete" called "maledic," and turning to look at the speaker, I saw a face of as low a type as was ever admitted to a drawing-room. I think, yet a face which should be sacred like all others from critical word of mine did not the owner offer it to our fair and inexperienced debutantes as a type of manly beauty? It almost dazed me with its striking resemblance to the first sketch of George Eliot's face and a bewildering likeness to the early portrait of George Sand with her hair folded low on her cheeks. These two women I do not all alive with intellect and imagination, and their keen observation that lifted and broken up and illuminated whenever they struck a pose. If the aesthete holds any such power in reserve, he did not manifest it to-night. These women had both full firm lips, full enough to show a predominance of the perceptive, sensuous nature. Our poet's mouth is weak with womanish coquetry. He smiles constantly, evidently posing with his lips and betraying as he does it some very white, but catlike teeth, which have their own effect on those who converse with him. It is impossible not to look at his dress, for his velvet mist clothes, black all sucking, polished slippers and big buckles, are surrounded by a host of strange, up and down, and a white vest and a flowing tie. This from the apostle of beauty! Where are the lace ruffles, the falling doublet, and the full-skirted coat, with which one would think he would be glad to hide those shrunken calves, silk stockings and all? A proper harmony used to be considered essential to the impression of beauty. Is there not also something "fair and fit" in some external deference to women? I think I would rather have been a woman than see Oscar Wilde, as he is, in the den. I looked on now with amazement while lady after lady allowed herself to be led up and introduced to the aesthete hero! "Stop that," said somewhat impulsively our bright little hostess when she saw it. "If Mr. Wilde wants to be introduced to any lady, take him to her." By and by the host sought out a lady who stood near the shrine curiously gazing. "Let me introduce you," said he, but she shrank back with no affected disgust. "You must," he continued, "let me tell you to go. To think that N. and G. should be capable of so much mischief," replied the lady, "that settles it," and she turned to go through the ceremony. Mr. Wilde was talking about Dante Rossetti to a lady at his side, who had tried to be more civil than the rest of us. He paused long enough to bow, the lady did the same. Neither put out a hand. She lifted her eyes with calm and not too evident indifference. He measured her, a woman old enough to be his mother, from head to foot with serene insolence. If he had ever thought of presiding his letters the thought died at that moment. The instinctive antagonism of the two natures radiated from both. The lady made some light remark concerning the weather, which was not answered by Mr. Wilde, but by a female aesthete on his left. I had thought myself humiliated by the presence of this creature whom one of nature's journeymen must have made, and not made well, he imitates humanity so abominably, but how did I feel when I looked on this woman? If she had come into the room as nude as Thomas Law, when he dived from his bath into the drawing-room at White Springs, so exposed some of her crotchets, and a few of her bones we could have given her the benefit of a doubt. It would have been possible that she had forgotten herself, but alas! she was more naked than if she had been nude, for every line of her dress showed a distinct and conscious effort to betray what dress is generally intended to cover! If there are pure men and pure women left in the world, it is not the fault of this woman or that man.

"Have you heard the last coquetry?" said a gentleman in Oscar's ear who had been a little disgusted by his reception of the lady I have spoken of. "Who is the only aesthete mentioned in a scripture?" "It is not

